

**MARVEL**  
LIMITED SERIES

2 of 5

**DYNAMITE**  
ENTERTAINMENT

# MARVEL ZOMBIES

VS. ARMY OF DARKNESS™



**PARENTAL ADVISORY**



\$2.99 US \$3.75 CAN

DIRECT EDITION

*Suyong*

# PREVIOUSLY



MEET ASHLEY J. WILLIAMS—RETAIL CLERK TURNED OMEGHON-HOPPING ADVENTURER AND HERO. ASH SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME FIGHTING A VERITABLE ARMY OF DARKNESS COMPOSED OF THE TERRIFYING CREATURES KNOWN AS OCAOITES, UNDER THE FOUL COMMAND OF THE NECROMONICH (THE BOOK OF THE DEAD), BUT THE LAST THING ASH REMEMBERS HOW IS BEING DEAD HIMSELF—AND IN WHAT MIGHT BE HEAVEN—CONFRONTING A HORRIFIC, ZOMBIFIED CREATURE IN YELLOW TIGHTS... THAT PUNCHED HIM INTO A NEW WORLD.



UPON LANDING IN THIS WORLD, ASH LEARNS THAT LOTS OF PEOPLE HERE WEAR TIGHTS... AND HAVE SUPER POWERS... AND FIGHT CRIME... IT'S BASICALLY A WORLD OF BIZARRE MARVELS, THAT IS, UNTIL THE GUY IN THE YELLOW TIGHTS SHOWS UP, ALL UNDEAD, AND STARTS BITING THE OTHER GUYS IN TIGHTS AND TURNING THEM INTO ZOMBIES.



THAT'S WHERE THE CONFUSION SETS IN. ASH THINKS THE YELLOW-TIGHTED GUY IS A OCAOITE... WHICH HE ISN'T. ASH TAKES IT UPON HIMSELF TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM THE ZOMBIFIED, SUPER-HEROIC, TIGHTS-WEARING COMMUNITY. THE THING IS, THESE GUYS AREN'T OCAOITES, THEY'RE SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY.



SO, AS ASH IS GETTING HAULED AROUND IN A WEB-COCOON BY A GUY CALLING HIMSELF "SPIDER-MAH," THIS SPIDER CLOWN GETS BIT BY ANOTHER HERO... A RED-WHITE-AND-BLUE-WEARING OUIF CALLED COLONEL AMERICA. HOW ASH IS BEING FACED OOWH BY A BUNCH OF THESE MUTATED GUYS... AND HE'S ABOUT TO LEARN THAT THIS IS NO WORLD OF MARVEL HEROES...



... THIS IS A WORLD OF MARVEL ZOMBIES.

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Everybody take  
three steps back  
and one long breath—  
or I *eat* the  
archer's *brains*.

Nobody  
wants to see  
Hawkeye dead,  
*do* they?







I wouldn't do that if I were you, Spidey.



And not because we're *already* dead, and don't *breathe*.

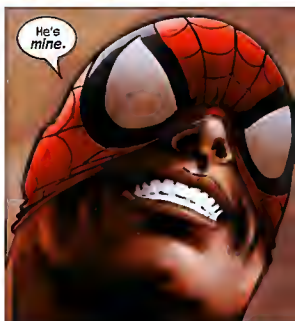
We taste *terrible*.

Believe me, she *knows* what she's talking about.



Just let the *loudmouth* go.

Leave him be.



He's *mine*.



What's the big deal? There's an entire city out there for the taking.

Hell with that--an entire world!

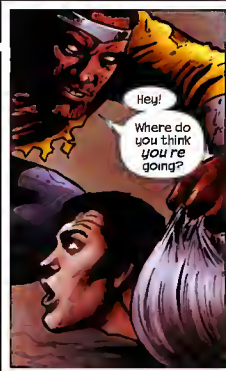
Exactly...so what's **one** more guy? I'm the one who had to lug him all over the city, and listen to his nonstop nonsense. Leave him to **me**.



**Bah!** Go ahead and **eat** Hawkeye. One less mouth to feed means **more** for the rest of us.

Plus, we don't even know if destroying the brain stops...stops... **whatever** it is that's happened to us.\*

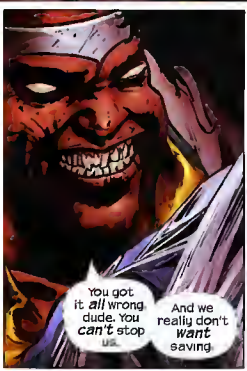
\*Note: it doesn't!




Hey!  
Where do you think you're going?



Lemme go, super-freak.  
I **told** you already, I'm here to **save** you. I'm the last, best hope for putting a **stop** to this **Deadite** monster plague goin' around.



You got it **all** wrong, dude. You **can't** stop us.  
And we really don't **want** saving.



Okay, knock it off. No more bickering.

We might need Clint later. And we're still a team. Even if our priorities have... changed.



Go for it, Spidey.

You want to dine on *Jackass tartare* and not share...

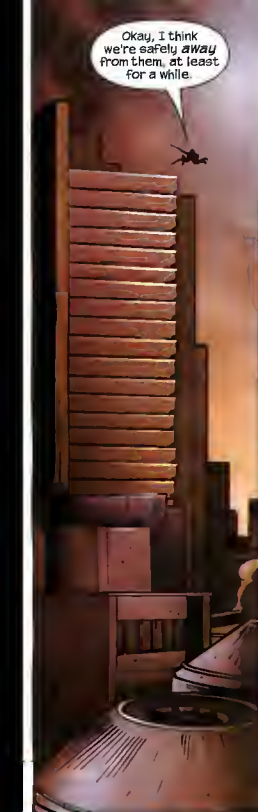


...be our guest.



Bon appetit.





Okay, I think we're safely *away* from them, at least for a while.



Now... where were we?

Well, as I recall...



FWHAM!

...you were making lunch plans--



Vr-VR-VRROOOO!!!

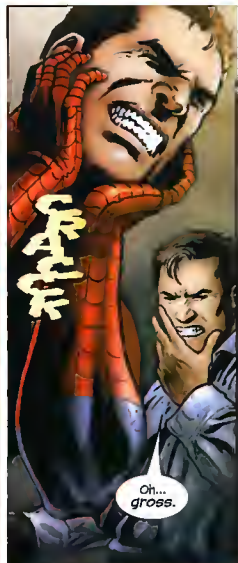
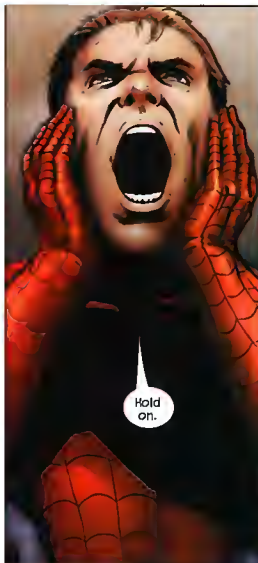
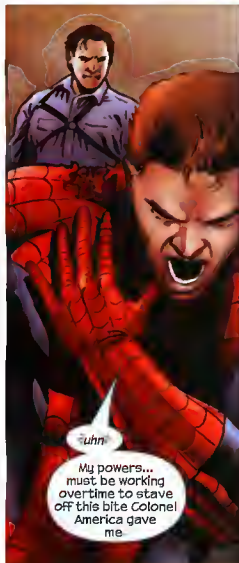
...while Ashley J. Williams was gettin ready to send another piece of *Deadite* trash back to the twisted fiery hell that spawned it!

Cut it out, you idiot. Trust me, eating *you* is about the last thing I want to do.

Take a look--

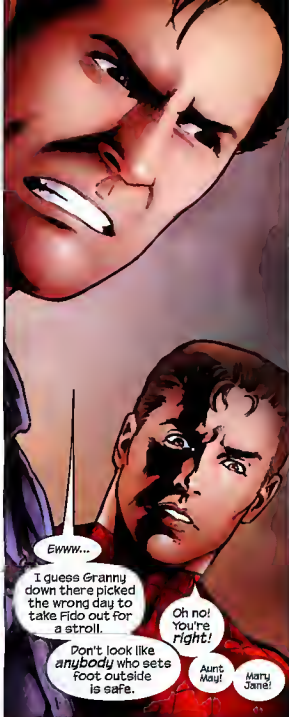


--I'm still human.





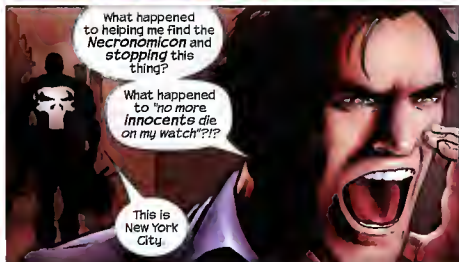




I-I'm sorry, Ash.  
I-gotta-gotta-gottaget home.  
"Go"?!?!?



Heu, get **back** here, ya lilly-livered spider-sac of crap!



What happened to helping me find the **Necronomicon** and **stopping** this thing?

What happened to "no more innocents die on my watch"???

This is New York City.

Ewww...

I guess Granny down there picked the wrong day to take Fido out for a stroll.

Oh no! You're right!

Don't look like anybody who sets foot outside is safe.

Aunt May!

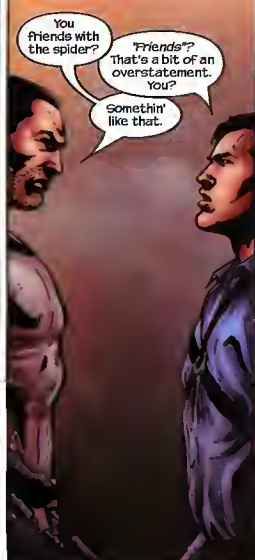
Mary Jane!

Nobody's innocent.



KACHOCK

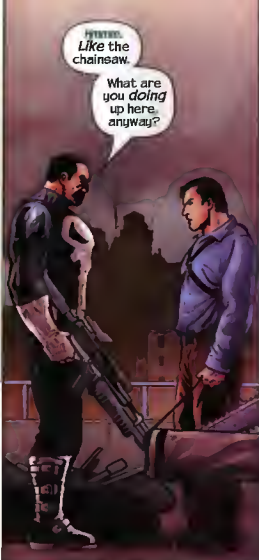




You friends with the spider?

"Friends"? That's a bit of an overstatement. You?

Somethin' like that.



**HYSTERIC.**  
Like the chainsaw.

What are you doing up here, anyway?



Me? *Supposed* to be saving the world. If you haven't *noticed*, it's World War *Apocalypse* down there, with all those zombified super-creeps killin' everybody in sight.

Yeah. I'm gonna get to that, *next*.



Listen, I've dealt with these sorts before-- *Deadites!* Need to find the Sumerian Book of the Dead-- the *Necronomicon*--and figure out how to *reverse* whatever it was that started this mess.

I could use some of that *firepower* you're luggin' around.

Lost my *boomstick* to one of those *Avenger* clowns.

I'm *Frank*.

Ash.

C'mon and help me *first*, then I'll help you find your book.



Help *you*? Dude! It's the frickin' end of the world! What could you *possibly* be doing *now* that's so important?

House cleaning.

Cover your ears.



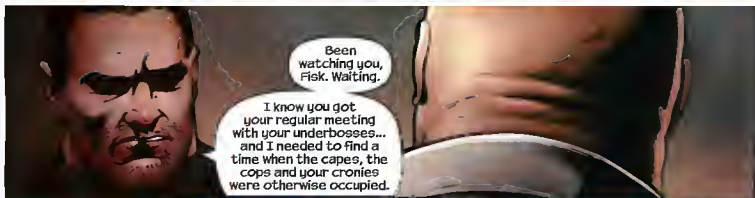


Castle!



Put it away, Hammerhead.

I never thought I'd say *this*, Castle, but I'm glad to see you here.



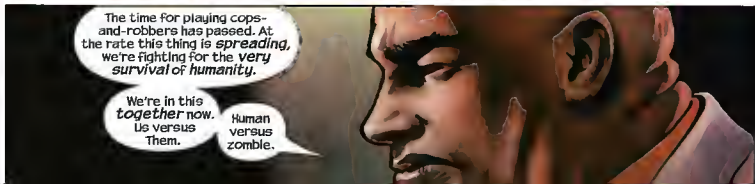
Been watching you, Fisk. Waiting.

I know you got your regular meeting with your underbosses... and I needed to find a time when the capes, the cops and your cronies were otherwise occupied.



Get over yourself, Castle.

You see what's happening outside? The rules have changed now. We're on the same team.



The time for playing cops-and-robbers has passed. At the rate this thing is spreading, we're fighting for the very survival of humanity.

We're in this together now. Us versus Them.

Human versus zombie.



I don't think so, Fisk.

As far as I'm concerned...

...you were never human.



**BRATATATATATA**



Y-you-you

—are you supposed to be one of the good guys

--or what?

Exactly.



Now... about those Deadites.

Outside.

FISK TOWER

**RUMMMMMBLE**

Oh no. *shuff* *~pant~* Oh no. *shuff* *~pant~* Oh no. *shuff* *~pant~*

**RUMMMMMBLE**

Oh no. *shuff* *~pant~* Oh no. *shuff* *~pant~*

**RUMMMMMBLE**

FISK TOWER

**RUMMMMMBLE**



You were right.

It's a mess out there.

And it's spreading--

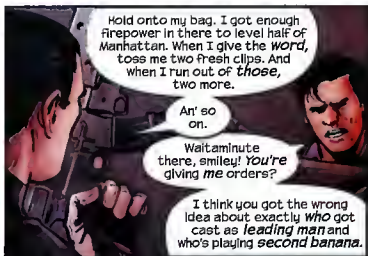
--fast!





Gonna need more guns for this one.

zooff!



Hold onto my bag. I got enough firepower in there to level half of Manhattan. When I give the word, toss me two fresh clips. And when I run out of those, two more.

An' so on.

Waitaminute there, smiley! You're giving me orders?

I think you got the wrong idea about exactly *who* got cast as *leading man* and who's playing *second banana*.



Are you listening to me--uh, what do they call you anyway, other than Frank?

THE PUNISHER

Ligh...of course they do.



Stop it!

Listen to me--you can't do this!



I-I know that guy Powerball, or somethin'.

Met him earlier.



And he's *not* infected.

Get back please! All of you...get back!

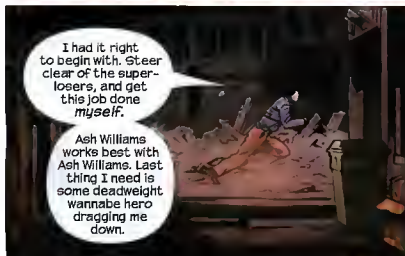




Whack-jobs,  
head-cases and  
loony-tunes, I tell  
ya, every last  
one of 'em.



This entire world  
is *nuts*...probably was  
*nuts* long before  
*infectious Deadite*  
cannibals showed up.



I had it right  
to begin with. Steer  
clear of the super-  
looters, and get  
this job done  
*myself*.

Ash Williams  
works best with  
Ash Williams. Last  
thing I need is  
some deadweight  
wannabe hero  
dragging me  
down.



Then  
again:  
*Hell-o!*





Get off me!

No can do, doll. You look so sweet. So luscious and delectable. C'mon...gimme a nibble



Just a little bite. C'mon. Pucker up.

Gimme some sugar.



Sorry, bunky.



**BLAM**

That's my line

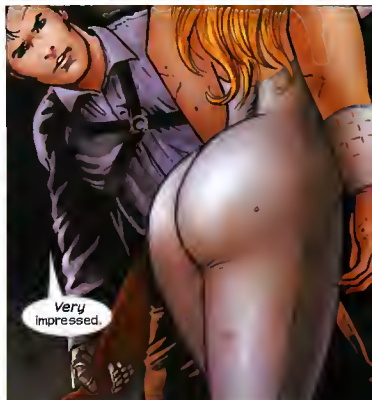
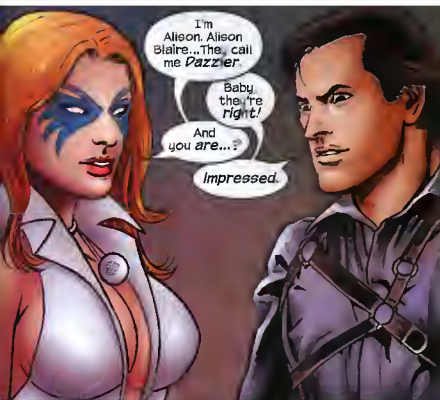


Oh my God...thank you!

I-i-ie he

A double-barrel boomstick blast straight through the coconut?

Trust me, babe--he's not comin' back from that one.





There, there, sugarplum. Here... maybe resting on the masculine, muscular bicep of a *genuine* hero will take some of that pain away.

~\*~ b ~

~\*~ snff ~

It really *is* the end of the world, isn't it?



That's right, hon.

"This world will die, and an army of the dead will rise."



Huh? What do you mean, "this world"?

Ah, yer not gonna believe me, anyway. Heck, I probably wouldn't *either*, if I hadn't lived through it.

All this mess, all the killin' and craziness... is all because of a *book*. A very evil book, known as the *Necronomicon*.



Me and it go *way* back.

It's sent me through time, into the past, the future, to different worlds...an' every time, I've got the better of the infernal thing.

And, girly, lemme tell you, once I get my mitts on that book, *this* time ain't gonna be *any* different.

Don't believe me, do ya?

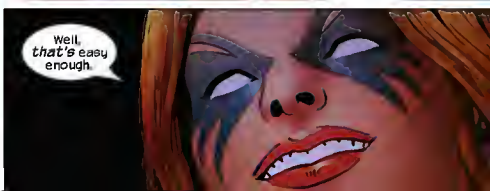


Well, it *does* sound pretty farfetched, but not any *less* believable than everything else that's going on.

And you *did* save me, too.

So if all you need to do is get your hands on some *magic book* to stop this thing...

Correction: *Dark* magic book.



Well, that's easy enough.








There! In the window!  
Looks like he's home, too.

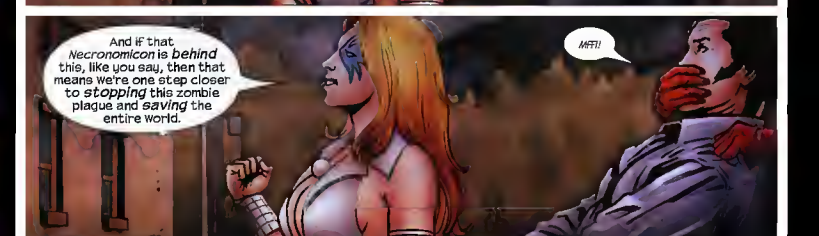


Who--?

Stephen Strange... otherwise known as *Doctor Strange*. Guy knows more about magic and the occult than pretty much anybody on Earth.



If he's not in possession of that supernatural book you're looking for, he'll at least know where we can find it.



And if that *Necronomicon* is behind this, like you say, then that means we're one step closer to stopping this zombie plague and saving the entire world.



WFF!



Did you hear me, Ash?

**CRONCH!**

I said,  
"we're one  
step closer  
to--"

**BURRRRAPP!**

Uh-oh!

Yummm

Tastes  
like chicken

**TO BE CONTINUED?**



*This one's for you, my friend*

*"Say not in grief 'he is no more' but love in thankfulness 'that he was'"*  
*- Hebrew proverb*

In Memory Of Our Dear Friend

PUCKINFL

August 30, 1978 - February 21, 2007

Be At Peace

Team DCP



KRYPTONIA

vs

doodle